

A GARLAND

OF

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NEW SONGS,

CONTAINING,

1. To Anacreon in Heaven.
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4. Tom Timber.



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TO ANACREON IN HEAVEN.

TO Anacreon in heav'n, where he sat in full glee,
A few sons of harmony sent a petition,
That he their inspirer and patron would be;
When this answer arriv'd from the jolly old Gre-
cian :

Voice, fiddle, and flute,
No longer be mute,

I'll lend you my name, and inspire you to boot ;
And besides I'll instruct you, like me, to entwine
The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.

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The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.

The news through Olympus immediately flew,
When Old Thunder pretended to give himself
airs :—

“ If these mortals are suffered their scheme to pur-
“ sue,

“ The devil a goddess will stay above stairs.

“ Hark ! already they cry,

“ In transports of joy,

“ Away to the sons of Anacreon we'll fly,

“ And there with good fellows we'll learn to entwine

“ The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.

“ The yellow-hair'd god, and his nine Muses aids

“ From Helicon's banks will incontinent flee,

" Idalia will boast but of tenantless shades,
 " And the biforked hill a mere desert will be.
 " My thunder, no fear on't,
 " Shall soon do its errant,
 " And, d—me! I'll swinge the ring-leaders, I
 " warrant,
 " I'll trim the young dogs for thus d'aring t' entwine
 " The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine."

Apollo rose up, and said, " Prythee ne'er quarrel,
 " Good king of the gods, with my vot'ries below;
 " Your thunder is useless"—then shewing his laurel;
 Cried, "*Sic evitabile fulmen*, you know!
 " Then over each head,
 " My laurels I'll spread,
 " So my sons from your crackers no mischief shall
 " dread,
 " Whilst snug in their club-room they jovially twine
 " The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine."

Next Momus got up with his risible phiz.
 And swore with Apollo he'd cheerfully join—
 " The tide of full harmony still shall be his,
 " But the song, and the catch, and the laugh,
 " shall be mine.
 " Then Jove be not jealous
 " Of these honest fellows."
 Cried Jove, " We relent, since the truth you now
 " tell us;
 " And swear by old Styx, that they long shall on-
 " twine
 " The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine."

Ye sons of Anacreon, then, join hand in hand ;
 Preserve unanimity, friendship, and love ;
 'Tis yours to support what's so happily plann'd ;
 You've the sanction of gods, and the fiat of Jove.
 While thus we agree,
 Our toast let it be,
 May our club flourish happy, united and free !
 And long may the sons of Anacreon entwine
 The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.

THE ORIGIN OF BRITISH LIBERTY.

ONCE the gods of the Greeks, at ambrosial feast,
 Large bowls of rich nectar were quaffing ;
 Merry Momus among them was set as a guest,
 Homer says, the celestials love laughing :
 On each in the synod the humourist droll'd,
 So none could his jokes disapprove :
 He sang, reparteed, and some smart stories told,
 And at last thus began upon Jove,
 And at last thus began upon Jove :

“ Sire, Atlas, who long has the universe bore,
 “ Grows grievously tired of late ;
 “ He says that mankind are much worse than be-
 “ fore,
 “ So begs to be eas'd of their weight.”
 Jove, knowing the earth on poor Atlas was hurl'd,
 From his shoulders commanded the ball ;
 Gave his daughter Attraction the charge of the
 world,
 And she hung it up high in his hall.

Miss pleas'd with the present, review'd the globe
round,

To see what each climate was worth ;
Like a diamond the whole with an atmosphere
bound,

And she variously planted the earth.
With silver, gold, jewels, she India endow'd,
France and Spain she taught vineyards to rear ;
What suited each clime, on each clime she bestow'd,
And freedom she found flourish'd here.

Four cardinal virtues she left in this isle,
As guardian to cherish the root ;
The blossoms of Liberty 'gan for to smile,
And Englishmen fed on the fruit.
Thus fed and thus bred from a bounty so rare,
O preserve it as free as 'twas given !
We will while we've breath—nay, we'll grasp it in
death,
And return it untainted to heaven.

THE CHAPTER OF KINGS.

THE Romans in England they once did sway,
And the Saxons after them led the way,
And they tugg'd with the Danes till an overthrow,
They both of them got by the Norman beau ;
Yet, barring all pother,
The one and the other,
Were all of them kings in their turn.

Little Willy the Conqueror long did reign,
 But Billy his son by an arrow was slain;
 And Harry the First was a scholar bright,
 But Stephen was forc'd for his crown to fight.
 Yet, barring, &c.

Second Harry Plantagenet's name did bear,
 And Ceu de Lion was his son and heir;
 But Magna Charta we gain'd from John,
 Which Harry the Third put his seal upon.
 Yet, Barring, &c.

There was Teddy the First, like a tyger bold,
 But the Second by rebels was bought and sold,
 And Teddy the Third was his subjects pride,
 Though his grandson Dicky was pop'd a side.
 Yet, barring, &c.

There was Harry the Fourth, a warlike wight,
 And Harry the Fifth like a cock would fight;
 Though Henry his son like a chick did pout,
 When Teddy his cousin had kick'd him out.
 Yet, barring, &c.

Poor Teddy the Fifth was kill'd in bed,
 By butchering Dick, who was knock'd in the head:
 Then Harry the Seventh in fame grew big,
 And Harry the Eighth was as fat as a pig.
 Yet, barring, &c.

With Teddy the Sixth we had tranquil days,
 Tho' Mary made fire and faggot to blaze;
 But good Queen Bess was a glorious dame,
 And bonny King Jemmy from Scotland came.
 Yet, barring, &c.

Poor Charley the First was a martyr made,
 But Charley his son was a comical blade;
 And Jemmy the Second when hotly spur'd,
 Run away, do ye see, from Willy the Third.
 Yet, barring, &c.

Queen Ann was victorious by land and sea,
 And Georgey the First did with glory sway;
 And as Georgey the Second has long been dead,
 Long life to the Georgey we have in his stead.
 And may his son's sons,
 To the end of the chapter,
 All come to be kings in their turn.

TOM TIMBER.

WITH honour and wealth from the battle re-
 turn'd,

Yet not without many a scar;

Tom Timber oft sigh'd for the girl that had mourn'd
 For his fate in the bustle of war:—

In her lap he intended his thimble to pour,

To prove that his heart kept awake;

But, alas! Kate had married—she'd fretted an
 hour—

And Tom found that love was a joke.

And now cut adrift from a hope he had form'd,

He hail'd an old shipmate he knew;

He told him his story—some folks would have
 storm'd,

And curs'd the false tale he thought true;

But Tom was still merry, now once again
 His feelings experienc'd a stroke,—
 His friend had decamp'd—most his riches had
 ta'en,
 And friendship Tom swore was a joke.

But yet, of his store, he had still left enough,
 To whether grim Poverty's shoal;
 And tho' Fortune's billows he'd felt somewhat rough,
 As a soother he'd moisten his soul.
 Resolving to steer without risk from a foe,
 In a neat little cabin of oak,
 Tom anchor'd, quite snug,—keeps his bark steady
 so,—
 And laughs at each life-plaguing joke.

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F I N I S.